

THE
Scots Scouts
DISCOVERIES:

By Their
L O N D O N
I N T E L L I G E N C E R.

And presented to the LORDS
of the COVENANT of
SCOTLAND.

Anno Domini. 1639.



London Printed 1642.

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Scots Scots

DISCOVERIES:



Brightford

LONDON

WITH A PICTURE

And presented to the Lords
of the OVENANT of

SCOTLAND.

James Douglas 1672



London Printed: 1672.

Handwritten notes and signatures at the bottom right corner.



To the Right Honorable, most
VVorthy and Noble Lords, the Noble
Men, and others of the Covenant of
SCOTLAND.

May it please your Lordships,

A According to your honours directions, the Scouts (which were sent into
Eng. to discover the estate of things there) came unto me their intel-
ligencer at Lon. who have collected together all such observations as they
their severall travells have found, or my selfe observed, either in my own abod
now two yeares at London, or in my returning home: But by reason of
all passages now shut up at Sea, and all Land wayes belayd, I was forced to
put my selfe in Arminian Attire, and so came home through England, and
so remained some certaine time in the Camps Royall, where my Collec-
tions may manifest my Love to my Countrey, and care of the trust by your
Lordships imposed upon me. But if my observations bee not answerable to
your Lordships expectations, I am heartily sorry: Yet, yee may see, I have
not beene altogether idle, nor will bee more carelesse hereafter (as occasion is
offered) then formerly I have been, and shall in my Northern newes (which
is also now in collecting) make good. What is omitted, and in confidence of
your favourable acceptance herof, I rest,

Your most humble servant, D. L.



The first SCOTTS Discovery.

I Came to *Dover* in a Flemish Botom, where (after a dayes rest) I went to see the Castle, but I was forced to saime my selfe one of Madam Nurles kindred, and spoke nothing but French, or else I had not bene admitted.

This Castle is called the Key of the Land, but its growne rusty for want of exercise, for most of the Ordnance are dismounted, their carriages standing one halfe in the ground, and the other out; here lay one Wheele, and there lay another: In the Easterne out-worke lay one Peece all over-grown with grasse, and hard by that lay another along by the wall on two Logs of Tymber; I wondred to see such a confusion in so eminent a place; but I was told that the last great Wind was the cause thereof; and if the Lievtenant were once able to walke round the walls to see it, all would bee made good and mended; but till then it must stand as it doth: Their Lord is at *London* to bee cured of the Gout, the Deputy Lievtenant was at *Downes* seeing the Kings shippes, and most of the men were at bowles on the greene Beach: I came downe to the Towne, and left the Castle with a *Memento* to looke to it selfe, lest the French doe it for them; this I observed, that if the French had bene as provident as the Dutch, to have leated themselves in *Dover* for then the most Christian KING might have had this Castle at his Command, and so might have bene Master of the narrow Seas, and have had *Calise* and *Dover* two *Bul workes*, and *Block houses*, and so kept the *Dunkirke* from domineering on the Seas. All the newes I could learne here, was that sixe of the Kings-ships lay ready for a Convoy of sixtie Vessels with provision for *Dunkirke*.

The next day I came to *Canterbury*, where I went to view the glasse windowes, and see Sir *Thomas a Beckers* Tombe, to which the people had prayed so often, as they had made two holes in the stones with their knees: the next day being Sunday I went to heare a Sermon where (they said) the Arch-bishop of *St. Andrewes* was to preach, I was in amaze to see him there; but the noyse of the Organs soone put mee out of my dumps. Now (thought I) he is in his Kingdome, for he hath danced a long time after this musicke: when service was done; I thought to have heard him tell the people some newes out of *Scotland*, but the old Carle spake not one word thereof. The next morning I took a Chircoale, and drew on the White-wall in the Church-Porch these three words, (*Archib: Cant: Auli*) and so departed out of the towne, lest I should have bene apprehended for the Author of it: All the newes that I could learne in the Towne, was that the Archbishops Grace was too great to dwell amongst them, that he loved *Groyden*, better than *Christ-Church*. That he had some Engineers to
see

see if they could remove *Christ-Church* to *Crayden* by Land, or to *Lambeth* by water, for he meant it should stoope to him, and not he to it: But lest it should fall to bee forfeited for non Residency, he hath put the other Arch-bishop there for his Deputie.

As I came through *Kent*, I saw much mustering, and preparing of men and Armes to send into *Scotland*: This had almost made a mutininy amongst them; some said it was done purposely to weaken the Country, others said it was an ill example for other ages: And an old 88. Captaine said they might, well retaine the name of *Kentish Long-tayles*, but to be called any more men of *Kent*, they could not claym it.

As I came a long, I saw the Kings Store-House at *Chatham*, and some of the Kings Ships which are of such biguesse, as a small ship may bee built, ere they can bee rigged, and brought to the Sea to doe any service. When I came to *Gravesend*, I saw the great Fleet ryding in the *Hope*, ready to carry the Marquesse and his men for *Scotland*: But there fell out a foule fray betweene the Parson of the Parish, and the Purser, for demanding double duties, for burying such Souldiers as dyed on shipboard. On the way towards *London*, I saw *Stone-Church* which was burnt downe with Thunder last Winter: And *Erith*, *Micham*, and many other Churches (for all their high Altars) did not scape scot free.

The next Sunday I went to *Lambeth* to heare a Sermon, and see what forme of Worship was used there; when I came, I was in hope to have seene the little good man of *Lambeth* there, but I saw no such man in all the *Kirke*; for I could have kend him by his white sleeves from all the men there: but I well wot, there hee was not. I speerd for him, and some said, he was either at *White Hall* or *Somerset House*, others said that he was at home choosing a new Church Warden, because the old one had presented him for not comming to Kirk these 7. yeares. After preaching was past, I went up the River side to see *Guy Faux* his mannor hou'e, the talllest house, that ever was built; for there was the plot laid, and powder provided for blowing up the Prince and Peeres of the Realme, in the Parliament House by the Papists conspiracie. There was the Leather Ordinance invented, there was the white Soape and Blew starch first made, there was the most part of the projects and Monopolies hatched, which have so much troubled the whole Kingdome. There was a new rare invention, lately set on foot for blowing up of Castles and Forts, but for a conclusion it was first blowne up it selfe: And now an Engineere hath begged it of the KING, and hath new built it, for which hee hath promised to blow up all the Islands in the Firth of *SCOTLAND*, that the KINGS Ships may have Sea-Roome to besiege *Leith*: from thence I came Crosse the River, where a Dutcheffe like a Dive-dapper was a swimming, but the Water was so cold, as it made all her body shiver, and put her in a sicke fit of a Fever as no Physitian could cure her, but a German. On the Sunday before Easter I went to St. *Margarets* anent the Abbey, where the Minister mistooke himselfe, and instead of a Prayer read a Preface, forbidding all people to begge at *White Hall*, for the King was gone to *York* & *Welaway*. (thought I) now, I have mist a *manay*, which I thought to have had, to have carried me againe home into *Scotland*. Well, I could hardly eate my dinner for grieve thereof: But a Country man of mine would needs have me in the after-noonne be Goffer to a Gille, where when I came, the women fell to quarrell for the name; one would have it *Mandlin*, and another would have it *Mary*. now out upon't sayes another, we have too too many of that name already; pray let us have old *Elizabeth* againe:

by my soule sayes another, if this were spoken in Scotland, it would be counted treason, when I heard that, I stole away, and left them to looke another Goffer : upon Good-Friday as I came through White-hall, a countrey man had me in to give me a dish of drinke, and to shew me the dancing barne, and then afterwards carried mee to the Kings Quire to heare a messe of mattins, when I came there the people were all groveling on the ground as though they had bene picking pearles out of the pavement : Well, downe I was driven on my maribones amongst the rest, and about halfe an houre after they all stood up again, turning their asles to the East, and their shoutes to the West to heare an Anthem, which being done, a tall slim Carle in a long gown made the people turne their faces to the East, where I spied a curious wrought Crucifix hanging over the high Altar, with two women kneeling to it, to teach the rest of the people their duties : upon Easter day I went thither againe, and then the Crucifix was taken downe, and the Resurrection set up in the same place, the Musick went so loud, and the eld droaning dunces, and young fry of Quiristers made such a noise as I could not heare, nor understand one word was spoken; and so came away for feare of deaffing : About a weeke after my Countrey-man would needs have me goe thither againe, and when I saw in the same place over the Altar a fine old man riding on a bonny Nagge, hunting a wild beast, many a long leg, and low curtesie was made to the man on horseback : I askt what hee was, and my Countrey-man told me, it was S. George, and they were all praying to him to make hast, for they had need of him in the North, when I saw him so ready on horse back with his speare in his hand, and his spurs on his heeles : Well St. George, thought I, ride as fast as you can, I will be in Scotland before you, and so I departed, and left him to end his quarrell with the beast, he had before him : When I was gone out of the court, my Countrey-man told me, I had some reason to be afraid. For St. George having formerly broke his speare with the Spaniard, and rebated his sword at a foyle with the French ; therefore he had now his hands bound by the one, and his tongue by the other : And having taken a truce with them both, he vowed to be revenged on saint Andrew, whom he threatens to turne into a Wind mill, where his Crosse shall serve for the sweapes : Alas, and woes me (quoth I) poore St. Andrew is so weary with carrying his crosse on his backe, and a Bishops bonnet on his head, as he wil never be able to encounter this man, who being so bravely mounted, will run over him before he come at him. This made me sore afraid, as I went home to supper for feare of fainting ; the next morning I got up betimes, and went to the Exchange to meet our Intelligencer ; where I came the newes was at an end : For their Packets were opened, and their letters taken away, which made a mighty muttering amongst them, in so much as one of them in a mad humour said that they were quite disgract, and thereupon made these verses following.

*London's disgract, Lincolns displact, Yorke now hath the golden bagge,
The Clergies gift, the Papists thrift, Maintaines the English Flag :
The Clergies curse, Rex minat mors, Ere Bishops be put downe :
The gaine is great, though fayre names, A myster for a crowne.*

The Second Scouts Discoverie.

I Went out in a Dunbarre boate, and sayled all along the Northerne coasts, where we met two ships laden with Ammunition for Barwick, and six Colliers with provision

provision for Newcastle. When I came to Hull, I went on shore to see the mighty Magazin there, from thence wee were driven to the Downes, where the Kings Fleet lay at anchor: in which the Mermaid Marquess, (being changed from the true blew to all the colours in the Rainebow) was there Cabined up with a Cable for feare of the French, where like a Kite in a windy day with severene smaller birds at her taile, he was hovering up and downe the seas to surprize all such shipping as should passe for Scotland.

When we came neere unto Dover, a Dunkirke set upon us with two French, and a Fleming releved us; or else (for all the shipmoney paid in, for guarding of the Seas) we had beene carried to Dunkirke instead of Dunbar: But having scapt that scouring, we landed in Sussex neere Arundell, where we went to see the Castle, the strongest defence whereof, is the number and greatnesse of the owners titles; It's kept by foure Priests, two Porters, and a Ratcatcher, but it hath above a hundred Watchers and Warders belonging to it; who (before ever we came neere it) came flying over our heads, crying, Ka, Ka, Ka, Ka, which made us so afraid of being clapt up in the Castle, that we returned and left them to looke to their charge.

The people of the Towne were all crying, every teare as big as a Mill-stone, lest their Lord should love the North Countrey better than theirs: And because hee is gone to conquer another Countrey, and left his owne to the mercy of his enemy, I quickly left this place of mourning, and sailed by the Isle of Wight, where they were very hot at their Musters, insomuch, that the smoake thereof made such a mist on the sea, as we mistooke our course, and landed at Portsmouth, instead of Newcastle, where we heard, those Ilanders are as hot in their barrells, as the French in the breech: so as if they come there, it will prove a hot piece of service, ere they can enter: Portsmouth is but meanely provided with Ammunition, and therefore they were all in a maze, for feare the French should come in a Fog.

Southampton was the next place of marke I came at, and there the Aldermen were busie begging a benevolence for the warres: but because I had none for them, I thought it better to shew them my backside, than to be called Rebell for refusing: From thence I came to Winchester, where I was afraid of a Goose.

This towne I left and came to Bagshot, and so to Basing-stoke, where a lordly Lowne sware me out of ten shillings with his merry conceits of his questions and answers, amongst which these were a part.

What hunting is most in use?

The Foxe in the Forrest, and the Coney in the Court.

What profession is most in practise?

Buffe Coates in the Camp, and black Coates in the Church Campe.

What is that which few men love and most men hate.

The Curse of a Cuckold, and the pride of a Prelate.

What are the two worst evils in the Common wealth.

Covetousnesse of the Clergie, and contention of the Communalitie.

I left this place and tooke my way towards Gifford, in hope to have seene Arundels Earle, but he was gone to Court; yet I did not loose my labour, for there I saw the finest and best governed Almeshouse in this Kingdome, built by old George of Canterbury, for a president for his successors to doe the like.

The next day I came to Croyden, thinking to have seene the little man, that
makes

makes so mickle matter, but he was at Lambeth; whereupon I came along towards London with a Colliers Cart of Croydon, where after some whistling and merry tales, I heard these mysticall Novelties.

That of late some are so much for Church Ceremonies, as they doe nothing in true sinceritie: And that others are altogether for pride and prodigality, and nothing for love and charity: That the Owle counterfeits the Eagle, the Buzzard the Black-bird, the Cuckow the Nightingall, and the Wren would fly with the Faulcon, but for feare his Wings should fayle him.

That the Fox would faine lap himselve in the Lions skin, the better to terrifie oth^r beasts.

Thus the Woolfe would faine be chiefe Sheeheard, that he might the better feed his flock, and the Asle must haue the Harts skinne on his backe, to keepe him from the Northerne storme.

When they had made an end of their parables, they fell to singing: And as't me if I could helpe them to sing a three mans song: I told them I would doe my best, then they began, and the bearing of the song was this, with which I end my Relation,

*O good King Charles blame not my Pen,
Spare your purse, and save your men,
Give Laud to the Scots and hang up Wren,
The Eccho answered still, Amen*

The third Scouts Discoverie.

I came in Kirke Patricks boate, all about the Irish seas, where we saw some souldiers sent from thence, to the Lord Clifford at Carlisle.

Wee landed three of our men in Wales (being Papiists) but they were quickly snapt up for Covenanters, and called Rebels, for refusing the oath of Supremacy, and shortly after were learned Traitors by open Proclamation.

We viewed all the English Ilands as wee past along, as Man, Garnsey, Silly, and the like: The inhabitants had need be honest, for they are entrusted with keeping of the three: greatest Enemies of the Clergie, viz. Divinitie, Law, and Physicke: In all our voyage we saw but only two of the Kings ships, which were sent to scoure the seas, we did vaile our bonnets unto them, and bid them good day, and so departed undiscovered.

We put in at Portsmouth, where there is a good Harbour, and good Forts, but s^{er}rily kept; their Governour (that baggage bag having taken a surfeit of a Star-chamber suite, and being a little overshadowed with the moone, gave them the bagge and dyed, whose Successor will never fill the bags he hath left empty behind him

As I came through Somerset-shire, I saw great muttering: They are notable windy fellows and strong breathed, with eating of Beane-Bread, they meane to shew you a Taunton trick, and fart in your faces: you may ken them from all the camp, by the beanes ratling in their Bellies, a mile before they come at you.

In all the Countrey as I came along, there was a great complaint of the decay of trading: The Fatmours and sheep-masters blame the Clothiers, the Clothiers the Marchants and Drapers, and they lay the fault on the troubles in Scotland, which hinders their traffick, but some of them say, they could find it out nearer home, if they durst discover it.

I came downe by *Reading*, where little *Land* was borne, his Father was a Clothier, his Mother a Spinster (he being the worst thred that ever she spun in her life.) He was from his cradle ordained to be a punisher of poore people: for he was borne betweene the stocks and the cage, which a Courtior one day chanced to speake of; whereupon his Grace thought himselfe so disgrac't, as he removed them thence, and puld downe his Fathers thatch house, and built up a faire one in the same place, because none should say hereafter, that he was descended of so meane a house.

The next day I came to *Windsor*, which is the worst place that ever I came in: For the Knights are poore, and the priests rich, the prebends proud and the Deane deafe, for a poore man hath called a long time to be released, and cannot be heard.

Away I came towards *London*, and landed at *Hampton Court*, in hope to have seene the Prince and Duke *Jemmy*, but the *Dupper Doctor* had carried them to *Saink James* to see the Queen Mother, where he left them, untill hee himselfe went to *Lambeth* for *Canterburies* blessing to a better Bishoprick; in which if he behave himselfe well, and please his patron, in bringing up his pupill, he shall be promoted to a better Bishoprick.

When I came to *Westminster*, a countrey man of mine had me to see the tombes, where (amongst many other Kings and Queenes) I saw King *James* and Queen *Elizabeth* conferring about the troubles in *Scotland*, which they said was plotted in *Spaine*, ratified at *Rome*, and agitated by the *Jesuites* in *England*, to be acted in a tragical procession in *Scotland*; but it was not so in their dayes, and they hoped it would not long continue as now it is.

The next morning I got up betimes to goe to our Intelligencer; but ere I came at *White-hall*, I was prest for the Kings service: whereupon I presently fell lame of my left legge, and with a pittifull looke I said, *Messe Constable*, I am a poore lame passenger, I pray you let me passe; but if I must have your money, then change me one shilling for another: with that I blest my selfe with a good Angell, and then gave it him for his shilling, which he perceiving put it up, and so out of pure love let me passe.

When I came to the *Exchange*, our Intelligencer and two or three more of my countrey-men went to dinner, where I was relating my *Reading* Journey and newes, whereupon one of them puld a paper out of his pocket saying, now by your Relation, I understand the meaning of my Verses, which were bestowed on me; and before now I did not well know what they ment: a copy whereof he gave me to end my *Discovery* withall, which are as followeth:

*The King wants coyne, the Bishops blood,
The Church is changd, none dares doe good;
The three chiefe Arts in all the Land,
In pillory at once did stand:
The Welsh may run, the English ride,
To kill the Scots for prelates pride:
Which makes men cry, and curse that Age,
Hatcht little Land, twixt stocks and cage.*



The INTELLIGENCERS own Discovery.

AT my first coming to London, I heard little newes of any *Scots* grievances, but within a little while after, when I saw *Burton*, *Bastwick* and *Pryn* promoted to the pillory, for speaking against the power of the Prelates, then I began to smell a fox.

They rejoyced as much in their sufferings, as their Adversaries did in their sentences; but because they should not prate, nor talke to one another, as they did when they stood in the pillory.

Therefore they were sent first into three severall Castles in three remoted countries, and afterwards removed to three severall Islands, every one of them at their departing from the Pillory to their Prisons, made two verses:

Pryn. *Triumphing I returne, my face discries*
Lauds scorching scars, Gods grauesfull sacrifice.

Burton. *A painfull Pastor I have been, my flock I truly fed,*
And now in honour of Christs cause, my blood I freely shed.

Bastwick. *Physicians for soule and body, and Lawyer for the State,*
All here now have lost their blood, to please a proud Prelate.

The next terme after this, the Bishop of *Lincolne* came to his sentence in the Star-chamber, where he received a sharpe censure, but he may thanke himselfe for it, in keeping two prime places in his hands, when others want preferment. But he stood too much upon his trumps, thinking that King *James* his Patents had been now as good, as when he had them: Alas good man, though he be a great Scholler (not a better in the Kingdome) yet he had forgot the little Mans Motto. (*Sic volo, sic iubeo.*) The originall cause of this was never heard; but this I learned that two flesh-flies having fed at his table for a long time together, had purposely laid a train to intrap him, and then they combined with one *Kilvert* (A Caniball) who having devoured his owne Master (Sir *John Bennet*) undertooke to doe the like with him; and hath hunted him so hard, that the Tower is become his tabernacle where he is like to remaine, unlesse he will pull off his Miter, and givit for his Ransome.

Long he had not lain there, ere he was rouzed up againe for a second course; pretending that he had given a false exposition on the great *Leviathan*, (false Mediator) and the like: whereupon (through the meanes of a false Steward, a faith-
lesse

lesse Secretary, and a foolish Scribe) he was (*Alceon-like*) puld downe with his owne hounds, which he had fed at his trencher in his prosperitie, but had now fallen upon himselfe in his adversery; yet his owne patience. and the peoples prayers may one day be a comfort to him.

That when the newes came first of the troubles in *Scotland*, *Archie* the Kings Foole was questioned for something against the Prelates, whom he thought was the cause of it. For which he had been had up in the Star-chamber, but that the Fool told them he would plead the priviledge of his Coat. For (quoth hee) if neither Fool nor wise man must scape this Court, I will be neither. But for all this *Archie* could not scape scotfree, for he was led to the Porters-lodge, where (albeit he found favour in his lash) yet he lost both his Coat and his place by it.

That about a weeke after I met *Archie* at the Abby all in black: *Alas* poore fool (thought I) he mournes for his Countrey; I askt him about his Coat; O, quod he, my Lord of *Canterbury* hath taken it from me, because either he, or some of the *Scots* Bishops may have use for it themselves: but he hath given me a black coat for it, to colour my knavery with; and now I may speake what I please (so it be not against the Prelates) for this Coat hath a farre greater priviledge then the other had. When I heard him say so, albeit (thought I) a Fools bolt is soon shot, yet perhaps he may hit the marke: whereupon I went and bought me a canonicall Coat, and put my selfe into an Arminian habit, which hath kept me freer from danger, then if I had been all clad in buffe.

That about Christmas last, all the passages of your Assembly were presented to the King, and all the names of the Lords and others that had subscribed the Covenant, or consenting to the putting downe of the Prelates were given in: whereupon a Convocation of the Clergy of *England* was once resolved to be called and to have the matter disputed, but the Bishops were busie, and could not attend it, and advised that (*ipso facto*) you should be proclaimed Rebels and all your Lands should be confiscated to the King, which made some of the Courtiers moutnes so water (in hope of a Lordship) that they lookt as if they had beene troubled with the scurvie.

That about Candlemas the newes was nothing but warre, and that the King would goe in person into *Scotland*, and had promised to gratifie those that adventured with them, for cutting off the Covenanters. And therefore to make them the more contemptible to the *English*, proclamation was made in all market Townes, and read in all Churches; that you were base fawning fellows, and people of broken fortunes, and would faine repaire your ruined estates by the spoyles of the good Subjects of *England*; which proclamation (notwithstanding the faire and true declaration of your intentions) so animated many of them (as like Hogs in the wind) they ran on (but knew not whither) to fight, (but knew not for what) hoping to be rewarded (but knew not when) and they may returne, but know not how.

That of late every man at *London* hath been in his humours: the Courtiers were learning how to toss tennis balls, instead of Bullets. The Captaines were preparing to see the tragedy of traytors, the Clergy were studying a Masque for a My-

ter; the Ministry were drawing the map of misery the Jesuits were at wisie baguillie; and the Scots Bishops were at Boe-peepe with the Kirke.

That one day I went to see the Tower, which is newly repaired, there are forty new beds and lodgings provided for entertainment of the Scots traitors: well, let me advise ye to looke to your selves; for if ever you be lodged there, the next newes after will be your coming out to Tower-Hill, where either your heads must lop, or your Crags crack.

I came home by the Custome-houle, where there was such an out-cry with Merchants, concerning their new Impositions: As it made the old Farmers call for a court Lord, and a citie Captaine to assist them, who came ruffling into their Offices with such violence, as (for feare of *Goring*) it made all the Virgumian Merchants to run away, and leave their Plantations. For Tobacco was growne so cheape, as the Kings custome came to more then the Merchants had for it. For it was taken by a worse name, and sold by the measure of *Jacobs* stasse; whereupon, when the old *Pinder* saw such shavers, come to share in his Office, he gave over, and left the *Dawes* to shift among the Rooks; which the common people seeing, they prayed that their Court Customer might dye drunke in his new Impositions of Wines and the *Crispe* Citie Captaine might breake as fast as doth his glasse beads.

Whil'et I stayed at Custome-house, I heard a muttering of a red Deere Pye, full of gold going to the Nuns of *Nancy*, from the holy sisters in *England*. under colour of a peece of Venison sent to the Prince of *Peymonts* from *Catholico Mariani*: But they said a white Waiter had put his finger further into the pye then was fitting, and after it was discovered it was hushed up, no man can tell how.

Like-wise, I heard that the Cardinall of *Corleto* being cast away in crossing of a River, his Hat came floating up to the Custome-houle, where it was taken up for a miraculous monument and carried to the Lord Treasurer for a wreck, who hath order to kee, e it untill some fitting person be found to weare it: this accident makes good the old proverb, *Quis homines, tot sententia*; for some sayes our country-man *Com* (the Popes Legate) must have it; others say, Sir *Tobie Mathew* doth better deserve it; some say, that as soone as the King hath established Bishops againe in *Scotland*, Saint *Andrew* shall have it instead of a blew Bonnet; and others say *Canterbury* must be served before him. But some say, its kept untill Saint *Paul* have a new coat, and then he must have it for his Hat; or else when *Pauls* is quite built it must be carried round about in procession, and then left on the high Altar for a religious Relique.

That all Lent long his Majesties Chaplains instead of Fasting preached fighting; and instead of peace preached punishing of Rebels, amongst whom wisie *Warner* of *Rocheſter* having got a Bishopricke for making one Sermon he gave the King another gratis, when he so ruled at the Rebels, as his patron hath promised a better Bishopricke, when it falls.

That such time-serving Clergie-men, as have not the gift of preaching, seek preferment by railing; as one *Hurſe*, who looks for a Deanery at least, for calling Judge *Hutton* traitor, when he sat on the seat of Justice, for speaking his conscience for the Subject against prerogative.

That

That the case of Ship-money was fully argued, first by foure Cotncellors, and afterwards by the twelve Judges, whereof the Gold-smith *Vernon*, and five Puries past for the King, and five Seniors, (whereof two were capitall) stood for the Countrey, but what can withstand fortune; for most voices mis-carried it: Nevertheless, the Lord Say would faine have had another assay at the matter, but could not be heard.

That about Mid- Lent, the names of all strangers, as well French and Dutch, as Scots, were collected in and about *London*, and sent to the King *viz.* 60000. French, 40000. Dutch, and 900. Scots; but if Priests, Friars, Jesuits, and the rest of the Romish Rabbies, had beene also collected, they would have exceeded the number of the Scots; and if the Papists and Protestants of the French and Dutch had beene likewise collected, the number of the Protestants had stood but for a cipher to the other.

The voice went that all Protestant strangers should have beene sent into *New-England* (if the King could have spared shipping) and the others should have made a Catholike Army, to have gone against the Scots: but now the Scots taking their new oath to fight against their consciences and Countrey, and the rest paying in their money without grumbling, they may all stay in old *ENGLAND* if they please.

That albeit, with the pilling and polling of the Commonalty, England is fallen into a very dangerous disease which growes every day worse and worse; in so much, as one Sunday, at one Master *Shutes* Parish Church, a bill was delivered, that *John-Common-weal.h* of England being sicke of the Scots disease desires the prayers of the Congregation, for calling a Parliament, the great physician of the Kingdome, to cure their infinite infirmities.

That all men must contribute to this holy and zealous expedition; whereupon the Citie of *London* having made a Collection of at least 6000 pound, presented it to the King, who thanked them for their loves, but would not receive it; because some say, it was too little; others say, that he will come home by them, and then they must present him with a golden Calfe: and a greater gift for a peace-offering: But in the meane time its said, that *Yorke* must be made the Royall Citie of the Kingdome: but when no man knowes, yet the Merchants care not if both Court and towne be carried thither, so long as they cannot carry *Thames* with them also: For if their wives loved Courtiers no better then they do, their rooms were far better then their company.

That the King being resolved upon His Journey, wrote His Letters to all Noble-men in the Kingdome, to attend his Royall Standard at *YORKE*, the first day of *Aprill*, with fitting men and furniture, according to their birth, and qualities, degree, and honour; whereby the papists report His Majestie will be with a hundred thousand English, twenty thousand Welsh, twenty thousand Irish, twenty thousand choisen Catholikes, all in compleat Armour, and that the King of *Spaine* would send him twenty thousand of his old Souldiers (if he had no use for them himselfe:) The KING of *Denmarke* would send him twenty thousand of his Drunkards, if he could spare them: The KING

of *Morocco* would send him twenty Tun of *Barbary Gold*, if *Argier* and *Tunis* stood not in his way, and the Pope would send his *Benediction*, if he thought it would do him any good.

That the King was by the Prelates so exasperated, and made so eager on the business, as he tooke his journey on his Coronation day, which some thinke unfortunate: But the Papists proverb prevailed, The better day the better deed.

At his departure he had *Canterburies blessing*, and a book of Remembrances what is fit to be done to such a *Rebellious people*.

That all things are much altered, since the Kings departure from *London*, *White-hall* is become an *Amazonian Castle*, *St. James* an *Hospitall* for strangers, *Somerse-house* a *Catholike Colledge*, *Westminster*, a receptacle for *Seminary Priests* and *Jesuits*, *London* is like a private friend in close mourning; Coaches and Carts are half idle for want of employment, and great Horses, Sedans, and Wherries fight for employment, Porters are taken up for *Gentlemen Ushers* and *Clergy-men* (by reason of their *pastorall protection*) clap in with all the good matches about *London*.

That my Country-man *Con.* the Popes Legate, is fallen lame of late, and is writing an invective against *Abernathy*, for discovering his coming into England: he saith, that if these troubles had not been, he had got as much money in seven years, as (with the help of a Letter or two from the Court, to the Conclave of Cardinals) would have made him Pope; and then if you had not yielded to the King on any conditions, he would have curst you with Bell, Book, and Candle.

That the seven Champions of Christendome are now (this Criticall year) all up in Arms, *St. Anthony* is enchanted by the Pope in *St. Angelo*; *St. James*, and *St. Dennis* are this Summer to try their strengths in a simple combate: And *S. George*, *S. David*, and *S. Patrick* are all riding into *Scotland* against *S. Andrew*, but the quarrell against him is unknown; some say because he will not wait upon *S. George* his Ceremonies; but others say, its because he dare maintain that there was neither pope, nor prelate in the primitive Church.

That one *Baker*, the Bishop of *Londons* Chaplain, being one morning desired to present a petition from a Minister, to his Lord for a Prebends place, carried the matter so craftily, that he had it to himselfe, together with the Ministers curse, for cozening of him: But to prevent that, the Bishop gave him his blessing, yet it did him no good. for ere night he was so puffed up with pride, and grown so great, that the weight of his body broke his leg, and so layd him and his honour in the dust; yet there be some that attribute this accident to another thing, for they say, that this *Baker* was so over-joyed with the death of some good Divines, and the going away with others, that he made Verses of them, and the same day he made them, he broke his leg; and his Verses were answered the next day following.

Baker.

*Dike is dead, Davis is fled,
And Symmons is run away.
Carter is flying, Stauton is dying,
And Goodwyn is left to pray.*

Carter.

Carter.

Carter is at hand, Baker cannot stand,
 With a fall he hath broke his leg,
 Our Bishops are flying, their cause is a dyming,
 And the Scots will make them beg.

That when the King lay at *New-Castle*, *Fleetwoods* news came fleeing to London, with as many lyes, as lines in it, but thats no matter. Colonels may lye by commission: It tells us of your Iron Flails, Harrows, Knives, and the like, taken going to you from *Sheffield*, and threatens to beat you with your own weapons: Now as for your men, he never mentions them, because he means not to meddle with them; but when he comes to relate the valour of your Women, he cries out, the Lord be mercifull unto us, for we shall have a bloody busines of it; yet he declares his resolution, is to fly in their faces, and concludes with a protestation, that his father may tell it for truth.

That albeit you were offended with that proclamation, which terms you people of broken fortunes. They have made another against you, its just like *Janus* in the head, and in the body like a Scorpion, with a sting in his tayle. For first, you are pardoned if you subscribe *Ignoramus*, but if you do not, you are condemned before you are convicted, and your traitorous obstinacies ar to be cured with the sharp sword of Justice; which being put into the hands of Papists, they sweare by *Peters Keyes*, *Pauls* Sword shall be put in practise.

The body of the proclamation breeds a Scorpion in your bosome to devour you. First your debtors must pay your money to his Majesty, who (because he can give no lawfull discharge) will give them a good share back again. Next all your Lands are given away to such as will fight for them.

Lastly, your Tenants must pay you no more Rents, for His Majesty will turne Land-lord, and let them their Lands for a third part abatement of their old Rent, and promises to put them in possession before Pentecost next, unless you prevent it.

That there was some whispering newes about the Towne of a dissention, betweene the spirituall Lords: whereupon a great Politician had drawne His Majesty to command all the Temporall Lords attendance (purposely to be revenged on the Nobility) whilest others lye lurking at home laughing in their sleeves, to see how they made their enemies take up Arms to defend their quarrell: In which if any of the Nobility and Gentry be slain, their Sons may prove Wards, and so bring in much money to maintain the Wars.

That if the welates project succeed well, tis thought *Wren* and *Warner* should have the keeping of the Great and little Seals, and London now (like *John* hold my staffe) being Treasurer, the Clergy will have a golden time of it, but let them remember this Admonition,

That spirituall pride begins temporall wars
 And temporall war brings peace,
 That Lords and Lawyers end the jar,
 And Prelates pride must cease.

Tha.

That there is a new Counsell-Table erected at *London*, where the Catholicke Lords, Knights, and Superiours of the Roman Clergie, meet to consult upon fitting means, for raising of money towards maintenance of this holy Warre, which they hope will either procure a dissolution of your Religion, or a tolleration of their owne.

At this meeting divers motives, and advices were drawn up for certain Priests to move the Catholike: to contribute in a large manner towards the maintenance of those Wars. to the 8, 9, 10. part at least, of their Annuall meanes, according to the true and just value; for which, besides the benefit which may redound to them by their Religion: The King hath called in his Commission against Recusants; The Queen hath undertaken to secure all those as shall be Contributors herein, and the Pope hath promised, that no man which dyes in this quarrell, shall ever come in Purgatory.

That these Advices and Motives being discovered, the Pope hath written to his Nuncio, not to be too forward, untill they see time, for feare of discovery; nor to let the Laity know too much of the Provincials minds, lest they fall off; nor that the Catholikes bestow so much on the society of Jesuits, as other the Orders can have no part.

That there is a Feast of fancies at *London* free for any man, that hath a minde to it.

The first dish is a *Redshanks* Sermon, instead of a sallad, the second a pickld Projector, the next a piping hot Pigge, and next a handsome Hogge, there was a *Red-Deere Pye*; but thats past, instead of that, they mean to have a Bishops head and bacon, which will serve for a grand dish: and albeit it be somewhat out of fashion, yet it is like to be in season. Their bread is Bishops Bisket, and *Birtons* bayte.

Their drink is *Britains* tears, their dyning Roome, the Castle of care.

Their Attendants *Tom Tell-truth*, and *Bastwicks* yonger brother.

Their Musick hath for Tenour, *vox Regis*.

For their Base, *vox clericis*; for their Discords, *vox consilii*, for their treble, *vox populi*; for their Counter, *vox pauperis*; for their Mean, *vox pueri*; for their Consort, *vox Calis*; for their comfort, *vox Dei*.

The voice of this Musick hath been heard throughout all England, and is like to grow lowder, unlesse some course be taken to stop it.

That there are a kinde of Beadles runs up and down about the Towne, yelping out your destruction; crying, Oh the valour of the Welsh-men! which are gone to kill the *Scots*: Well, looke you have Leeks, and Causbobby, and give them good words, and call them bold *Britains*; and then you may do with them what you will.

That Halter, and Ballad-makers are two principall Trades of late: Ballads being sold by whole Hundreds in the Citie, and Halters sent by whole barrells full to *BARWICKE* to hang up the Rebels with, as soone as they can catch them.

That

That old *Johnson* the Poet being dead, great moane is made for one of that qualitie, to write the Bishops wars: yet two have petitioned for the place, and each of them have something for tryall, which because you may see their straine, I thought fit to insert, as followeth.

1. POET.

*The Doubty Dane, the force of Spaine,
Morocco rude and rout,
The Irish wild, the English mild,
And Welsh men bold and stout,
Are taking Armes, and vowes great harmes,
To Scotland they will bring,
For Bishops right they meane to fight,
To please their Royall King.*

2. POET.

*The English-men both bold and strong,
The Irish stout and hardy,
The valiant Welsh-men will be first,
To take the Scots men tardy,
Our ships by sea, our men by land,
Will pull their courage downe;
And make men know, King Charles will keepe,
The Navyer next the Crowne.*

The tryall of these verses were put to two *Johns* poetically affected, who allowed of the Latter, for two reasons;

First, because the former makes them fight six Nations to one, which is too much oddes, where the other mentions onely three, being somewhat unequal too,

Secondly, because the former forgets the Kings ships: whereupon depends the hopes of the successe, and honour of the Kingdome, which the latter observing he shall therefore write the history, but he must not begin untill he heare the successe of the first Battell, which if it proves unfortunate, then it spoyle a Poet.

That the newes at London is so uncertaine, that no man beleeves it, sometimes we heare of Peace, and then the Papists storme and fret, saying, the King is too mercifull. For my Lord *Howard* (not the chiefe of the *Howards*) hath three sons, all Collonels newly come over from the Cardinals Campe, who threaten, if the King will give them leave, they will pluck the Scots out of their trenches by the cares; but when newes come they must fight, and that we shall have blowes for blowes, then they tell us, that the Kings forces are too weak for the Covenanters, but as soone as the Irish will come over *Dunluce*, and his Dimilances will drive them all into the Mountaines.

That such newes as this comes out by owle-light in little Bookes or Ballads to be sold in the streets: And I feare its held a prime peece of policy of State. For otherwise, how could so many false Ballads, and Bookes bee tolerate d? yet the next

morning Sun exhales all their vaine evening vapours : As that newes of taking *Lesley* Prisoner, killing of Collonell *Crayford*, and imprisoning most of the Nobility, but I never beleev'd it, because if it had beene true; Ballads would have been sung by day light, Bookes printed, Bonfires made, and a solemne Procession with a *Ted Drum*, at least, had not beene wanting at *Lamberth*,

That I went one day to the Star-chamber to see what Lords were left at home, where I heard Colonell *Crosby* and others fined, for reporting that the Lord Deputy of *Ireland* going to Knight a poore man, Sir *Knave*, with a *Cane*, he hit him so hard as he kill'd him, when in truth, he died not till three dayes following.

At which sentence, little *Laud* made a Sermon of an houre long, telling them how the Deputy had cozened the *Scots* in *Ireland* of all their armes, and was providing men to weare them into *Scotland* against their owne Countrey-men ; And that it was a fortune that followeth all men in high places and authority to be evil spoken of.

But it was not so of old, for then the man whom the King did honour should ride in his Chariot, be apparelled with the Kings Roabes, and esteemed the second person in the Kingdome ; but now, if the people might have their wilk (quoth hee) those whom the King honourerh, should have *Hamans* reward : with this he concluded, keeping the application to himselfe ; whereupon, I went out and wrote these Verses following, and left them in the window :

*Now wicked Will doth raigne as King,
And Finch sing sweet by Windybanks,
The Priest placebo still doe sing,
But the Scots if cross, will play mad prauicks.*

The next day, I tooke my journey homewards, and left one to take notice of passages in my absence ; And the first night I lay at *VVare*, where my host shewed me the great bed, and told me that 24. Capitaines lay altogether in it, and named it the bed of honour ; If (said I) honour could be got with lying in feather-beds, we would be without it. But sure (said I) they will lye both worse and further asunder before they returne home againe.

When I came at *Torke*, I heard the King was bravely entertained there, and that the Recorder had so tickled his eares with flattery and fables, that both he and the Major were knighted, well thought I this makes good the old Proverbe ; Some may better steale a goose, then others stick downe a feather ; For if the *Scots* had done so, they had beene called sawning fellows by open Proclamation.

When I came to *Durham*, all the Drummers were drunke, for the Bishop had bestowed good store of wine upon them to fortifie beating, because the noise of the Drummes should not drown the sound of the Organs.

I needed no guide to *Newcastle*, for whole troopes of souldiers lay lame by the way ; This Towne now called little *London*, albeit it hardly deserve the name of *Coale-Castle*. I went round their Towne to see the workes, and thought to have seene a Castle in it, but mine host told me that the *Scots* had long agoe laid the Castle levell with the ground, and lest they should doe the like with the Towne, the King had sent a garrison to defend it.

When

When I came first to the Campe, I was examined what I was, I told them I was Chaplaine to the Lord High Crown'd *Howard*, and was come on a message to his chiefe. Upon this, I had a faire pasport, but never came neere him.

The first newes I heare there was, that the Marquesse was sent to find out the floating Islands, and that he had beene round about *England*, and most part of *Scotland*, but could not find them, and in the Interim, most of his men falling Sea-sicke; A pinke was dispatcht to *Apollon*: Oracle, to know their destinies. Answer was made, that they were all un sanctified people, and not fit to be employed in so holy a warre, untill they had done penance, and made their confessions in some fitting Land. This made them more amazed then before, untill a subtile *Sphinx* expounded the riddle, and told them it was meant by the holy Island, unto which hee would prove their Pylot and bring them thither, where if their men died as fast on Land as they did at Sea, then they might save a labour of digging Graves, and bury them in cony-borowes; unto this they all agreed and weighed anchor, hoisted up sailes, and in short time arrived in the harbour where they landed their men. And the Marquesse himselfe after he had made his Orizons at Saint *Cuthberts* shrine, he posted to *Apollo* for further direction.

That when I came to the Campe, I saw divers troopes of voluntaries, who (like so many prodigals) having got their patrimónies, are come thither to spend them in hope to returne richer. They have taken with them three horses a peece, one to carry the Assle himselfe, another to carry a Prisoner if hee can take any; and the third, to carry his provision.

But it's commonly seene in all Lotteries (this being the like) that there are above ten blanks to one prize.

I met with a great many Gamsters there, and with some Players and Poets, but all out of employment, yet a Poet told me, that because he would keepe his hand in ure, he made every day a few lines in Verse; a parcell whereof hee gave mee as followeth:

*No enemies face yet have we seene,
Nor foot set on your ground,
But here wee lie in open field
Withraine like to be drown'd.
The Earth's my Bed when I am laid
A Twisse it is my Pillow.
Our Canopy is the skie above,
My Lawrell turn'd to willow,
Then mighty Mars with-hold thy hand,
And Jove thy fury cease,
That so we may, as all doe pray,
Returne againe in peace.*

About the end of *May*, either a Foole, or an unskillfull Physitian, told the King, that the *Scotts* Campe had such stinking breaths, as the *English* durst not come within ten miles of them for feare of infecting, whereupon a Proclamation was made,

that the King did respect the safetie of his subjects of *England*. So as the *Scotts* Campe under paine of displeasure, should not come within ten miles of the *English* borders, or Campe, wheresoever it lay; but if they did, then the *Generalissimo* was to kill all they could catch, wherein they should doe his Majestie good service and honour.

Shortly after this, a vaine man perswaded the King, that all the *Scotts* were retired above 15. miles from *Barwick*, and that 5000. would be able to take them all in their trenches. This being granted, upon *Ascension* day, the *English* army went out of *Barwick* very early to put this designe in execution, but ere they had marched two miles, newes came, that *Generall Lesley* was comming towards them, whereupon, they returned, saying, they went out but onely to goe in procession round about the bounds belonging to the Towne of *Barwick*.

About two dayes after, there happened a great mistie morning, in which the Cowes comming down the Hill towards *Barwick* seemed like so many men, and the white horses like so many colours, which put the Towne in such a fright that the *Scotts* were comming, that they barricaded their Gates, ran up their Rampires, mounted their Ordinance, and made ready for a defence: But when the day grew cleere, and that they heard Cowes low for their Calves, they opened their Gates, and let them in to *Suckling*.

That I observed in the Campe, that both the *French* and *Spanish* factions (like to *Caiphas* and *Pilate*) are now agreed to your overthrow in this expedition, who were always opposite enemies one to another, even in their very apparell, which I will decipher unto you, because if you see them, you may know them.

The *French-men* be knowne by their Curld Perriwigs, *Franciscan* Cap, short-waisted Doublet, long armed hose, and Curtall Cloake, with boots as though they meant to be buried in them. And the other may be knowne by his *Spanish* hat, *Arminian* band, long bellied Doublet without a belt, trunke hose, sturt up stockings, buskin-boots, and large cloakes, which is the generall fashion now in the Army.

That when I was in the Campe, Proclamation was made, that every man upon paine of death should observe these Lawes and Ordinances of warre, which all the Campe were sworne to as sacred and good, out of which ten of the most materiall were collected, and set up to be observed as truly, as they doe the ten Commandments:

1. **V**Whosoever shall speake any thing in favour of the enemye, or say that this army is unlawfull or unnecessary, shall suffer as a Rebelle.
2. All such as have intelligence with the enemye, or shall relieve them, or give them any thing (saving blowes,) shall die without redemption.
3. That all such as disparage or speake against the actions of any chiefe Commander, or refuse to doe what they desire, shall suffer death.
4. That all such as forsake their Collorels, leave their Captaines, or draw a sword against any, but the *Scotts*, shall suffer death without mercy.
5. That no man lift his hand, wag his tongue, or stirre a foot against his Commander when he shall correct him, upon paine of death.
6. That whosoever shall see a Commander in danger, shall venture his owne life to save the others, upon paine of death.
7. That

7 That when the enemies is driven out of the field, no souldier leave his ranke to fall to pillage, untill licence be given them, upon paine of perpetuall imprisonment.

8 That all such spoils as shall be taken above the rate of ten shillings shall be brought undiminished to the Lord Generall to be rewarded for a memoriall of victory, and after it is proclaimed with sound of Drum and Trumpet it is to be sold, and the money to be kept to build an Hospitall for old Casheer'd Captaines, and such Souldiers as shall be lam'd or spoild in this expedition.

9 That he which can take any of the Lords, or principall Covenanters, Prisoners, shall bring them to the Lord Generall, where he shall have an honourable reward for his pains.

10 That whatsoever any man can spare unspent of his pay, he is at his returne to London, to offer it up at the high Altar at *Paule*, towards the repairing thereof, where his name shall be inrolled, as a valiant warrior against the *Scots* and a brave Benefactor too.

Per Generalissimo.

Some of the Captains, and souldiers being displeased with these orders, the next night puld them down, and put up these other ten in their places.

1 That no man be too forward to fight, untill he know the quarrell, and that such correspondencie be kept with the Covenanters, as they doe with us upon paine of the next Parliaments displeasure.

2 That such Souldiers as use any unlawfull gaming or Coufening, shall suffer imprisonment, and such Captaines and Commanders, as by the cog of a Dye could set out whole Troopes of Horses (but lost their lucke sence they came from *London*) shall likewise lose their credit in the campe, and their colours in the field, if they doe not maintaine their troopes in the same manner they set them out.

3 Item, if any souldier learne, or use more terms of Art in his exercise, then his Captain can teach him, shall have three blows with a Bastinado for his presumption.

4 Item, if any Captain cannot understand his Colonels command, hee shall forfeit a Goose for his slender judgment.

5 Item, that no Sutler trust the souldiers with too much meat, for feare of suffering, upon non-payment thereof.

6 Item, if any Trooper be kept short of his pay, then it shall be lawfull for him to sell his great cart Horse, and furniture, and to fight on foot, untill by his valour he can get a *Galloway* Nag to ride upon.

7 Item, that no souldier set foot further in *Scotland*, then their Generall, Colonell, or Captains dare lead the way, lest when they come to employment they be left in the lurch.

8 Item, that whatsoever any souldier can bring away out of *Scotland*, without molestation, he shall keep it to himself, without any account rendring.

9 Item, that after the Camp is broke up, that every man that hath not money to bear his charges home, shall have license to beg into his Countrey; and if the peoples charity will not supply him, then it shall be lawfull for him to take what

he can by way of borrowing, with promise of repayment the next Northerne journey.

10 That if any sluggish souldier get nothing by his Journey in this expedition, he shall at his returne lye three nights in the *Savoy*, in a straw bed, and at his departure have three lices for his labour, if he bring none with him.

By Amboriny under his Excellency.

Hereby you may perceive that there is no great Unity in the Camp, but there is far lesse edge in the Kingdom towards this action, for take this for a generall observation throughout *England*, that many of the best Nobility, and prime Gentry, and Communalty are well Wishers to the cause, albeit they be not openly seen in it. So as I may truly tell you, that though Nature have provided two hands to one heart; yet God hath prepared two hearts to pray for you, for one hand that is to fight against you.

That most of the common souldiers in the Camp, are such as care not who lose, so they get, being meer Atheists, and barbarous in their resolutions. And indeed they are the very scum of the Kingdome, such as their friends have sent out to be rid of, who care not if both Kingdoms were on fire, so they might share the spoil.

Upon this I thought good, to try if I could take off the edge of their fury, by making a *Quare* of the quarrell, and a Declaration of our intentions, by the Verses following, which I put up under the Orders:

English. What will you fight for a Booke of Common Prayer?
 What will you fight for a Court of high Commission?
 What will you fight for, a Myster guilded fair?
 Or to maintaine the Prelates proud Ambition?
 What will you get, you must not weare the Myster?
 What will you get, you know we are not rich?
 What will you get, your yoke will be no lighter?
 For when wee'r slain, this rod comes on your breech.

Scots. We fight to have our true Religion stand:
 We fight to keep our Laws unviolated,
 We fight to preserve our lives and land,
 Our only ayme's to beat down Prelates pride:
 Our King is wise, and so we hope hee'l heare us,
 Our cause is good, wee'l seal it with our blood,
 Our conscience that doth perfect witness bear us,
 That what we do, is for the generall good,
 Then learn in time to ease your heavy state,
 Lest on day you repent, wh'n 'tis too late.

The next morning these Verses were taken downe, and carried to the Generall, who gave order for apprehending the Authour, but Mumbudger for me: And about

bout noon, a Comptroller came and put up an Answer to them, as followeth:

Then Rebells Scot we feare shes not;

Our quarrell is to fight;

Lastly wee'l lasse, deane Sandy shes;

And Douglas put to flight.

By Kings command, we have your land,

As soon as you are slain,

Then we shall speed wee'l do the deed,

Else call the bragger Vane,

By authority.

By this you may perceive they thinke it a won game, yet I see no miracle, they have done, since they went out; only I observed a wonder, that is, to see their pride and patience have agreed so long together, expecting an end of this action.

That I saw the Regiment of Gyants sent out of Yorkshire, under the command of Don Quixote, who threatens, that after they have carbonadoed the Scots like so many Capons, then Sancho Pancho his Page shall cut off their heads, and carrie them to the Prelates for a present; but the Enterprize will prove worse, then the Wind-mills was; that the third day, after all the forces were drawne into Battalia, where the Welshmen had the Vauntguard the Irish the Reere, and the English, the mayn Battell, and the Papists were purposely backwardly placed, to see that none forsok their colours, and the Bishops could willingly have desired to beare the Bonner; but that they feared their white sleeves were such faire marks, and the Scots such good Marki-men, as they could not misse them. That when the Muster Roll was callt up of their 100000 English, 20000 Spaniards, 30000 Irish, 20000 Welsh, 10000 Danes, and 20000 choice Catholikes, it was found in tota not above 1600. If I be mistaken in the numbers, London news misse mee: Now if all these, with the help of three bordering Counties, after three dayes Battery with the great Ordinance, and three moneths labour of the Engineers cannot make a breach big enough for the Generals greatnesse to enter *Edinburgh*, and cut off all the Covenanters, then they meane to take another course with you, viz. First, they meane cunningly, under the colour of a parley to catch you in a purinet, and if that fail, then they mean to yield unto a Parliament; and in the interim possesse themselves of all the strong Castles, and then on the sudden to catch you all napping, as *Mosse* caught his Mare; But if your wisdomes do prevent that, then they mean to starve you by Land, and by Sea; for which purpose the Marquess hath surrounded the Seas, and hath entred the Frith; where like Swallows after Flies hee will sofight with the Fisher-boats, as you shall not have a Whiting, a Haddock, nor a Herring to relieve you: And all the frontier Townes between *Carlisle*, and *Barwick* shall be laid full of souldiers to keep you from catching any thing out of *England*: But here's your comfort, Winter will come, and then our rough Rocks, and shelvie seas will force the ships to retire homewards, and our cold climate will quickly cool their courages.

That upon the first of *June*, news was brought to the English Campe, that all the

Scots

Scots Armie was blown as far as *Edenburgh*, with the wind of the last Proclamation whereupon order was given for an inroad into *Scotland*, within two daies after thinking to have taken in the two Market Towns of *Kessey* and *Duns*, but they proved Dunces in their designs, for they went fiercely on the Munday morning, as some of their Commanders had put on Perriwigs instead of Helmets, and the rest had no time to take their leaves of their friends, but hastily marched with such a furie, that they raised such a dust with their 1500 horse, and 3000 foot, that they were almost choakt with it: But when they came towards *Kessey*, there appeared 400 Horse on the top of a Hill, whereupon the *English* Commanders gave order for a charge, which the other perceiving retired down the Hill on the other side, and then wheeling about with a foot Army, they encompassed the *English* Army round about ere they knew of it. And after some small pawle on the buines, a Trumpetter, was sent to the *Scots* to submit, who returned answer, that if they meant to fight, they should see their submission, & demanded of the *English*, the cause of their coming to invade them in such hostile manner, who replied, that they came out to see how the *Scots* Markets were furnished with flesh for the *English* Souldiers were almost tursted with eating of fresh Salmon, to which a *Scott* Captain replied:

Most gentle General, our Markets are well stored with provision, and if you will but take the pains to march into our Market with your Armie, you may see almost 5000 *English* Calves, which our friends have sent us for a prey this morning, but we never mean to hurt them, but intend to send them safe back again for a present to his Majesty, as a token of our loyalty to him, and our loves towards you. When the *English* had considered how the case stood with them, they fell to parley and parted loving friends, and so founded a retreat, and returned homewards again; every man carrying in his hand, instead of a (Rosemary, branch the Embleme of Death.) An Olive branch the Embleme of Peace, all of them singing:

*Fight who will, we will not draw our swords,
Gainst those that for bad deeds, return good words,
We found their love, and know they mean no ill,
Then lets shake hands, be friends, and brethern still.*

When the *English* Army saw their fellows return in this manner, it caused a great confusion amongst them, but when they truly understood the matter, Let us have Peace, Let us have Peace, the most cried; with the news; I was so far overjoyed, that I came posting to your Lordships to tell you, the same, whose wisdoms can well tell how to take the opportunite offred for the peace and prosperitie of this Kirke and Kingdome, the welfare whereof is the hearty desire of him, who hath adventured himselfe to bring your Lordships these few Intelligences.

FINIS.

